

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF
THE SALVATION ARMY

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

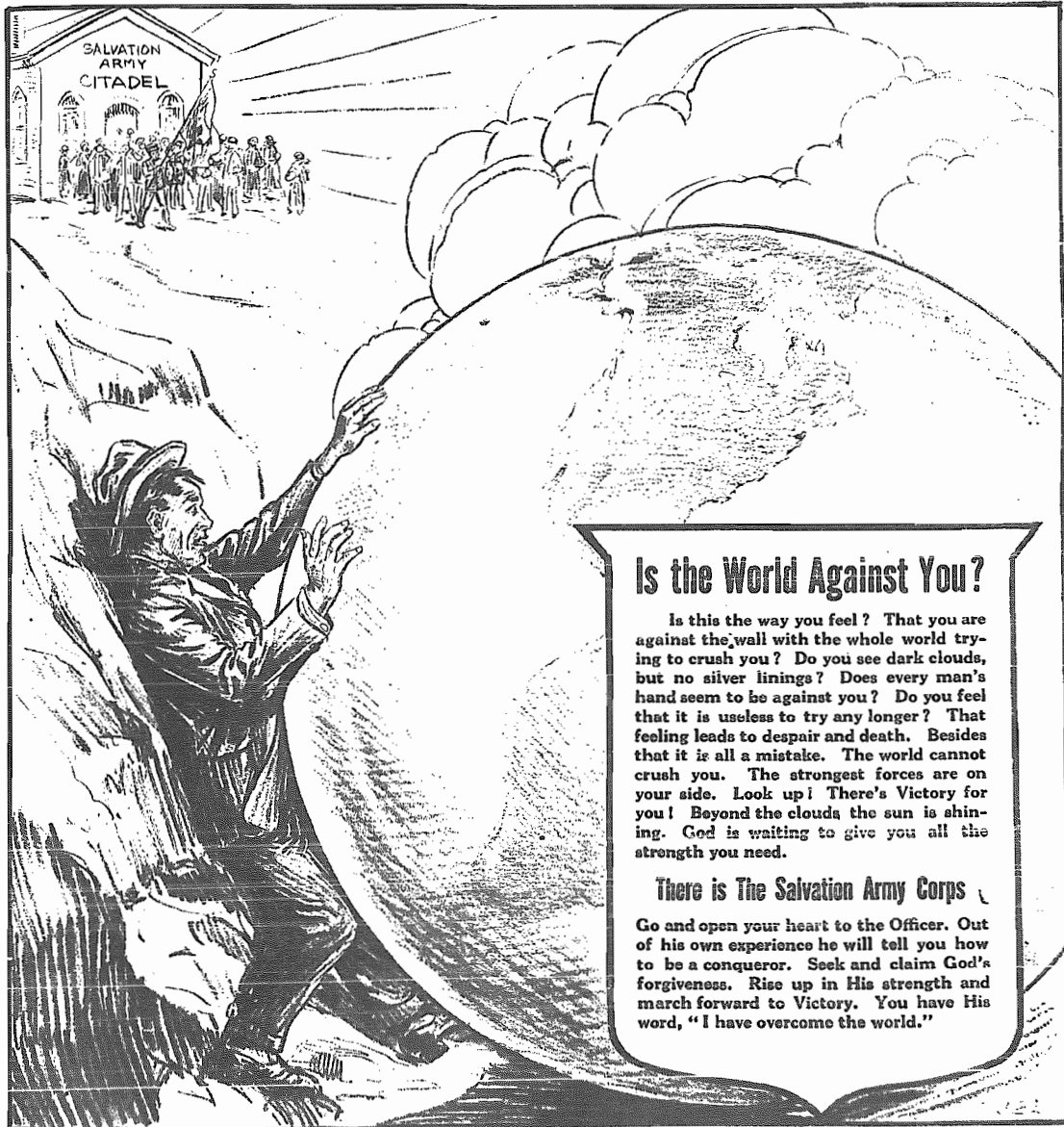
NEW FOUNDLAND, & BERMUDA

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
JAMES AND ALBERT STS.
TORONTO.

No. 2235. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, AUGUST 13th, 1927.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner.



Is the World Against You?

Is this the way you feel? That you are against the wall with the whole world trying to crush you? Do you see dark clouds, but no silver linings? Does every man's hand seem to be against you? Do you feel that it is useless to try any longer? That feeling leads to despair and death. Besides that it is all a mistake. The world cannot crush you. The strongest forces are on your side. Look up! There's Victory for you! Beyond the clouds the sun is shining. God is waiting to give you all the strength you need.

There is The Salvation Army Corps

Go and open your heart to the Officer. Out of his own experience he will tell you how to be a conqueror. Seek and claim God's forgiveness. Rise up in His strength and march forward to Victory. You have His word, "I have overcome the world."

THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB, THERE IS VICTORY FOR YOU



Rays from the Lighthouse

THY WORD IS A LAMP

WHAT JESUS IS TO ME

The Friend with Whom I talk;
The Way by which I walk;
The Light to show the way;
The Strength for every day.

The Shield from every dart;
The Balm for every smart;
The Sharer of each load;
Companion on the road.

The Theme of all my song;
The Saviour, kind and strong;
The Arbitrer of strife;
The More Abundant Life.

The Pearl of greatest price;
The Chosen Sacrifice;
The Gate that stands ajar;
The Peace that naught can mar.

The Door into the fold;
The Anchor that will hold;
The Shepherd of the sheep;
The Guardian of my sleep.

The Love that fills my breast;
The Hope on which I rest;
The Voice that me doth lead;
The Bread on which I feed.

The Source of my delight;
The Song to cheer the night;
The Thought that fills my mind;
The Best of All to find—is Jesus!

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given. Any converted member of the family should suitably read the portions after the meal is finished, and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

Sunday, August 14th—Matthew 5: 1-12.

Why? Because that which they desire is never beyond their reach. The Saviour who came to awaken in men's hearts the longing after God and goodness, is pledged to satisfy that longing—"They shall be filled." They shall eat of the "Bread of Life," and drink of the "Living Water" from "The Smitten Rock." For them "Manna" shall fall, and a stream flow even in life's desert places.

Monday, August 15th—Matthew 5: 13-20.

Even a tiny candle or small flashlight can be of great use in a dark place. God kindles the light of His love in our hearts, that we may give to others. Some one has said, "One individual life may be of priceless value to God, and yours may be that life!" See then that you shine for Him to-day just where He has placed you.

Tuesday, August 16th—Matthew 5: 21-26.

Often when God's blessed Spirit comes into a heart, He reminds us of neglected duties and forgotten sins. Perhaps the inward Voice may tell us to ask forgiveness or confess some fault, or even to restore something which we took wrongfully. If so, God can give us grace to obey, but we must see that we do so quickly.

Wednesday, August 17th—Matthew 5: 38-48.

"For we must share, if we would keep."

That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,
Such is the law of love."

We cannot always give money to those in need. But we may all give thought, sympathy, time—things which mere money cannot buy. Let us give liberally of these to the

(Continued in column 4)

SOMETHING ABOUT FAINTING

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—Luke 18:1

SUPPOSE we turn the counsel into a promise: "Men ought always to pray and they will not faint." When a man faints in the day of adversity it is because a line of communication has somehow been cut, and he has lost touch with his supplies. He has become separated from his spiritual resources, and in the heavy demands

left to our judgment to determine what we need. God's loving wisdom interprets the need. It is our part to open our souls to the grace and bounty of an infinite God, and the necessities are supplied. Prayer is a minister of the open road, and prayer is a minister of reception.

When we cease to pray the open highway is blocked and closed. The waiting supplies cannot reach us; they cannot get past our spiritual forgetfulness and indifference. And so the big duty daunts us; the strong enemy affrights us.

We become faint, and the battle goes against us. And all the time the resource which would meet our necessity is awaiting our honest call! Let us restore communication by recovering our composure. Let us pray without ceasing! Let us keep the roads open, and our gracious God will see to the transports.—J.H.J.

WHAT CONVERSION MEANS

Salvation implies conversion, which means a change of heart. When men first discover their real condition before God, they find that they want help in two directions—

(a) They have broken the law of God, and need forgiveness.

(b) Their evil habits have got such a mastery over them that they are really slaves and need deliverance from their bondage.

To meet the first need there is the blessing of pardon; and for the second there is the destruction of the power of evil by the Holy Ghost.

God implants in the soul of those whom He forgives a new heart, which loves Him, hates sin, and delights in Holiness, so that it becomes afterwards as easy and natural to do right as before it was to do evil. This change we speak of as conversion.

of the campaign he has begun to lose heart.

The heart retains its hope and courage so long as new forces and new supplies arrive. It is not the growing strength of the enemy, nor the increasing exactions of duty, which make the heart succumb; it is the lessening of its supplies. When the spiritual lines of communication are kept open, the fierceness of our engagements does not matter; "though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." That open line always means a defeated foe. The heart sings in the battle, for it is always more than even with the most tremendous task.

Now it is prayer which keeps open the road between the soul and its resources. That great line of communication is kept clear like a splendid highway, and the sacred transports are arriving every moment in an all-availing sufficiency. The supplies are waiting; prayer opens the way and receives them. It is not

rigor and yields to softness.—St. Francis de Sales.

It was once said by a wise servant of God: "You may tell the spirit of a man by the way he takes a help proof." Anything calculated to help us to become better soul-winners should be welcomed.

In Ourselves

In ourselves the sunshine dwells.
In ourselves the music swells;
Everywhere the heart awake
Finds what pleasure it can make;
Everywhere the light and shade
By the gaze of the eye is made.

To Keep Peace

Keep a tender, sympathetic heart.
Keep smiling, countenance.
Live in the spirit of thoughtful prayer.
Commune with God.
Remember that your will is likely to be crossed every day; so prepare for it.

(Continued from column 1)
needy souls who ask of us to-day.
Thursday, August 18th—Matthew 6: 1-8.

But if you have no quiet, private place, how can you manage? Then learn to retire into yourself and to shut the door of your heart and thoughts to outside influences. When you are walking along the street or sitting in a train or car you can thus shut your door to earth and open it to Heaven. God is not limited to beautiful, holy surroundings, but meets a longing heart wherever it may be.

Friday, August 19th—Matthew 6: 9-23.

Who have? The people who do good merely to be seen of men. Others notice and praise them, and they gain what they sought. But to-morrow should they be blamed for something, yesterday's reward is forgotten. The Lord says: "Thy Father shall reward thee." His reward is given only to those who do their good deeds to please and honor Him. This, the only reward worth seeking, is eternal.

Saturday, August 20th—Matthew 6: 24-34.

The Revised Version, "Be not anxious," helps us to understand this better. Nothing is ever gained by carrying to-morrow's burden along with to-day's. The Lord does not want us to worry and fret about the future.



You can love your way through every difficulty.

Anybody can believe when he feels—be a believer when you don't feel.

Many people spend a lifetime in trying to harmonize the service of God and the service of the devil.

There are think-so Christians, and there are hope-so Christians, and there are know-so Christians. We belong to the know-so people—we know we are saved.

Hosts of sinners are damned by sheer idleness—they are too lazy to save themselves.

We want veritable Jeremiah's, to tell the truth, the whole truth, please or displease, dunce or no dunce, mire or no mire.

IS IT WRONG TO PLAY CARDS?

By Adjutant P. Parsons,
Immigration Department

Games cannot be grouped in one class and then denounced together. Many games are wholesome, helpful and recreative.

A careful study of games in which mechanical devices are used will show that they are naturally divided into two classes—games of skill and games of chance. Games of skill, roughly defined, are those which are won by the accuracy of the trained eye, the trained muscle, the brain, and the mastering by study and practice of the fundamental principles of the game.

Games of chance, on the other hand, may have some of the elements of games of skill, but the result is largely due to chance. It is this that makes these games morally, mentally and spiritually dangerous.

Evil Effects Outlined

Card games are particularly an evil, for in every game of cards the element of chance exists. It cannot be eliminated, and several effects which demonstrate the evil of card games will readily be seen.

First, the effect upon the temper.

A Judge tells the following story: In a game of cards he made a mis-play. On turning to his partner, a young woman, he noticed that her face was white with rage, and in her anger she made some spiteful remark. "Here is where I finish," said the Judge. "If this paltry good-for-nothing game can raise such a tempest as this over a blunder that I'm likely to make at any time, I'm never going to trust it again." The Judge's remarks had the effect of increasing the interest and intense excitement of the game. Every nerve is on edge; the blood rushes to the brain; the temper is frequently heated and unloosed; the desire to win becomes a passion; conscience becomes feeble; barriers go down; advantage is frequently taken of another; and dishonesty is often seen.

What Authorities Say

Then such games often cause demoralization of tone and honesty. In a recent magazine article upon the evils of card-playing, the writer says: "Physicians deplore the craze, claiming that it burdens their hands with hysterical women. Captains of industry say that it is weakening the backbone of the young men of the country who need their strength for work."

There can be no question that games of chance, such as cards, drain the nerves, the purse and the characters of those who take part in them.

The card playing evil is undermining both health and morals. It includes gambling, and in order to win a player will often sacrifice both honor and honesty. Many people who play cards to-day are simply common gamblers.

Participation in such games of chance dishonors God, and destroys the very process by which the life of faith is developed. "Whosoever is not of faith is sin"—Rom. 14:23. Therefore, whatsoever is of hazard or chance is sin.

A Menace to Prayer

Card-playing destroys the desire and ability to pray, and it is only by prayer that faith becomes experience. Interest in religious things, and above all, love for the souls of others, not to speak of Christian influence over one's fellow-men, is gradually undermined and finally destroyed.

Thus is God dishonored and much of the worldliness and impotence of the Church of God explained.

We as Salvationists should not hesitate in regard to our position. We must come out boldly on the question, and stand separate, not in word only, but in action.

GOD'S IMPERATIVE

"Through Obedience Vision is Enlarged, and dreams become Actualities"

BY COLONEL POWLEY

"And He said unto me, Depart."—Acts 22:21.

PAUL is speaking. He has been in some wild and dangerous adventures—and many more await him—but never has he had a narrower escape from death than when, a few moments ago, the Roman soldiers came down and snatched him from the hands of his enemies. He has made many speeches, but none in more exciting circumstances than on this occasion. The mob, beaten and angry, listens to him, held by his very audacity, as well as by the spell of his eloquence, as he briefly sketches his career. Breathless almost, after the severe buffeting and rough handling he had just received, he would not leave the scene without an appeal for justice. He is endeavoring to explain that his present position is the result of God's plan, both for him and for the world, but his courage in thus facing the mob and the skill of his vivid presentment of the facts are of no avail, for as he refers to his mission to the Gentiles the rage of his audience breaks out afresh, and the speech abruptly comes to an end.

A Clear and Emphatic Answer

This particular episode in the life of St. Paul is outside the scope of the present article, but it is our desire to draw attention to the fact of Paul's obedience to the Divine command, as related in this impromptu speech on the Temple stairs. The Lord had, it seems, appeared to him some years previously in that very place, and told him to hurry away from Jerusalem, because of the persecutors. Thereupon, Paul had begun to argue, urging that the people of Jerusalem knew him well, what he had done, and what he had done, and suggesting that as a result his testimony and preaching would have great weight. "Here," he says in effect, "is my field of labor. Let me stay in Jerusalem. Here I can do great work for Thee." But the Lord's answer was emphatic and clear. It was a command and a commission, uttered in imperative tones: "Depart for I will send thee hence unto the Gentiles."

Paul's plea seems a perfectly reasonable one, viewed from a human standpoint. On his previous visit to the city he was so much in danger of his life that his friends felt bound to send him away. Now, however, things were different. He had come back in company with Barnabas, bearing the gifts of the Church at Antioch for the poor in time of famine, and during the personal distribution of the charity over a fairly lengthy period, had reason to believe that the former hostility of the Jews had passed away and Jerusalem now presented a most promising field of labor for him. His friends would probably concur in this, and urge him to stay and undertake that great work which his exceptional spiritual and mental gifts, coupled with his former standing amongst the Jews, entitled him to feel he could do. But it was not to be. "Depart!" came the command, and depart he did to the glorious gain of the whole world, becoming the master missionary and builder of the Church of God.

In this connection we note that Paul obeyed God rather than pleased himself. For a time he argued for his own way, but soon gave in and went God's ways. It had probably been the dream of his life to preach Christ in the great centre of the Jewish faith, where he had denied Him, and done His cause much seeming harm. It was an attractive idea.

Many young men and women in these days are doubtless arguing with God on similar lines, and trying to satisfy themselves that they are doing the right thing where they are. But they know they are not in their right place, that their way is a failure.

An Extensive Field

Paul got an enormously extended field of activity. Up till then Jerusalem had been the limit of his ambition, but as he set out, a little later, on the first of his famous missionary journeys, traveling along the great Roman highways, he began to dream dreams of taking the Gospel throughout the Empire, even to Rome itself, and preaching Christ ultimately on the steps of the Imperial throne. Through obedience his vision was enlarged, and through obedience and faith his dreams became actualities.

Has not a similar thing happened since then over and over again, with those who were prepared to obey? Missionary biography throughout the history of the Christian Church is a long record of this very thing. And many men and women in our Army have proved it for themselves. From the home and the bench, and the Corps, they have gone forth into huge opportunities, sustained by the Holy Ghost, who has made them equal to every need, and has enabled them to win marvelous victories in His name. They have gone out into a large place. Will you still stick to the "parish pump," even though you know God is calling you to something bigger?

A Winner of Souls

So Paul became a successful evangelist, and won multitudes for Christ through his obedience. He could have stayed on in Jerusalem. It would have been much more comfortable for him perhaps. The very reason they might have become a snare to him in his endeavor to maintain them, resulting in a slackening of his ardor and enthusiasm, and in any case the net results of his life's work would have been comparatively small. Someone else, some more obedient spirit, would have been chosen, and sent out into the great world beyond, already hungering for and ready to receive the Bread of Life.

How many men and women there must be who, in neglecting God's call, are frustrating His purposes for them. They might be influencing thousands for righteousness. Perhaps there are souls in some part of the world now who will never know Christ unless someone who reads this goes to tell them of Him. Have you heard the words, "Depart: for I will send thee?"

By his obedience, Paul became the bringer of light and life, and happiness to others. Think of the sin and misery of the masses in his day. It was a hard and cold world. There

were more slaves than free men. Rights and privileges were for the very few. Oppression and cruelty were the order of the day. No goodness, no faith, no hope, darkness reigning supreme. But the messengers of God came along. Here was a man who was willing to leave his friends, embracing poverty, giving up his most cherished ambitions to face the world and challenge evil in its high places and most repulsive forms. He passed along spreading the light and dispelling joy and gladness to all whom he met. The situation to-day needs men and women who will do just the same kind of thing.

India, China, Japan, Africa, to say nothing of the partly unconquered heathendom of the civilized nations, are in dire need of light and life bringers.

The call is imperative. Who will go?

Who Follows in His Train

But then, Paul's surrender and obedience brought him suffering. Yes, this was inevitable. The story of the hardships and trials he was called upon to bear is a terrible and yet glorious one. His biographer, Luke, capable and faithful as he is, does not seem to have said all that could have been said in this respect. He is left for us a better idea of what he endured. His was a painful pilgrimage as far as the body was concerned, but he showed that he could "do all things through Christ." And so is quite cheerful and consecrated man and woman of God. The voice calling to duty rings clear, and thoughts of loss and difficulty and suffering must not prevent obedience. Here is a challenge to you—to us all. Are we afraid to suffer in so great and righteous a cause? The thought of suffering did not hold back the noble bands of young heroes who have in recent times gone forth to vanquish the dark armies of evil. Neither shall such things deter the faithful and unflinching who are—hinder God's potential heroes as He sends them forth.

The Cross Brings Gladness of Heart

Our great hero found happiness on the rough road of suffering. Thoughts of his converts in many lands continually filled him with joy and thanks to God. He exults in having "kept the faith," and speaks of finishing his course with joy when almost certain death was staring him in the face. And so it is with all who fully surrender themselves to God. He pays Heavenly wages. He gives serene peace and sweetened joys to the faithful. They walk the rough road of sacrifice with hearts glowing and faces radiant. Who that has held back thus far will join the gallant and happy company to-day, and let God's will be done?

DOES YOUR NEIGHBOR
READ THE WAR CRY?



COLONEL POWLEY

THE HAMMER That Never Fell

CALL OF GOD TO OFFICER-SHIP THAT PREVENTED A BLOW FROM BEING STRUCK

DOES HE CALL YOU?

By the late Mrs. Brengle

A SOLDIER had felt for some time that he must some day go into the Work, and promised God that he would become an Officer whenever he was called. He was master of his time, and had no arrangements to make. The Call came while his hammer was lifted to strike a blow, and he obeyed it instantly.

The blow never fell, and before noon he had sold his kit of tools and was ready.

For years he has been a successful Officer, and is daily increasing in the gifts and graces of those whom God calls to be leaders.

Does God call you? Then, let nothing hinder you, but go, and God will be with you, as He was with Moses and Paul. As years speed on, you will be increasingly thankful to Him that no business prospects, no fond friendships, no longing for power, no love of secluded life, no fear of the battle's front with its burdens and bitter conflicts, its sorrows, and its soul-satisfying triumphs.

One soul saved from Hell through your labors will pay for all your toil; one look at the face of Jesus will reward you from the privations. What cure Peter and John now if they did lose all they held dear when they began to follow Jesus? if they did suffer to the death for the men they sought to save? And what will you care?

To the natural heart and unsanctified mind the commands of God are foolishness. "Get thee out from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee," said God to Abraham. How foolish to leave home and wealth and greatness to go to a land that he knew not! But Abraham believed and obeyed, and became heir of greater possessions.

"I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth My people, the children of Israel out of Egypt," says God's words to Moses. Who, forty years before, had fled from Pharaoh's face a condemned murderer, to try and deliver a nation of slaves from the iron hand of the mightiest monarch on earth!

But he believed and obeyed, and God humbled the proud king to the dust, and the nation of slaves was freed.

God sent Paul to the Gentiles to "open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." How wonderfully he carried out the Divine command.

Think of it! One man, belonging to a conquered, despised, hated people, sent to the proud, idolatrous nations, with the message that crucified Jew was the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, and that there was no Salvation except in His name.

STORIES OF SALVATION

Happenings under The Army Flag in South America

By Staff-Captain Palaci

ARE the old Army methods still good? Sometimes we hear this question asked. We say, "Yes." The preaching of the simple Gospel truth; the going after the sinner in the streets and highways still constitute the power and the glory of The Army.

In South America we have lately seen some wonderful cases of conversion in the Open-air. One Sunday afternoon seven men knelt in the centre of the ring in one of the main Plazas of the city of Buenos Aires. It was a touching sight to see these big, strong men on their knees being taught the way of Salvation by our comrades who knelt by their side.

During the Fall (March to May) our Territorial Commander, Lieut.-Commissioner Turner, organized some special campaigns. Groups of comrades left Buenos Aires Sunday after Sunday, on the camion of the Social Institution, and conducted Open-air meetings in every town and village they passed through.

At Adrogué — one of the towns south of the city — they had a wonderful experience. Not only did the people come in crowds to listen to the message of Salvation, but when the invitation was given to those who desired to be saved, two sisters came forward and knelt in the ring. It was a beautiful sight to see and hear these two girls repeating the simple prayer that two of our comrades were teaching them. This was the first prayer they had ever prayed in their lives, and God worked the miracle of their Salvation. Hallelujah! A few days later the Commanding Officer of one of our Corps visited them and their parents. When he explained to them what the Bible is, and what The Army teaches, they were anxious to read God's Word for themselves, and when the Officer told them what it meant to be a Salvation Army Soldier, they expressed their desire to be enrolled and to wear the uniform. Not very long after the people of Adrogué were surprised to see these two solitary Army girls in full uniform walking the streets of

their town. They are now Soldiers of the Corps.

But the story does not end here. They were with us last week-end. They took their father to The Army and in a Sunday morning Holiness meeting, during Commissioner Simpson's visit to this Territory, one of the men who knelt at the mercy-seat was the father of these two girls!

Yes, the old Army methods are still good!

PETERBORO

Thirty Years a Drunkard, now Saved by the Grace of God

Ours is a real war. The Devil is a real enemy. There is no armistice with him, and our Territorial Commander believes that the best defence is to attack.

With the coming on of the winter, the Commissioner has organized ten day campaigns in several centres. We had the first of these at the No. 3 Corps, which has been for some time a "hard go," but where God is now working miracles. During a ten day campaign nearly one hundred people knelt at the mercy-seat, several of them in the Open-air. At a testimonial meeting one of the new converts stood up and said: "For thirty years I was a drunkard, and a great sorrow to my wife and family, but now thank God, I am a new man. I am saved and possess a power of control which I had never dreamed possible. God helping me, I will walk with Him all the remaining days of my life."

The wife of this man, who was also present in the meeting, stood up after her husband and testified of her own conversion and of the great change Salvation has brought to her home.

Yes, God is working in South America and the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is as efficacious as ever. "We have no other argument, we want no other plea."

SAINT JOHN I

Commandant and Mrs. Jordan (on Sunday, July 24th, we had with us Captain and Mrs. Curtis, of U.S.A., and Captain C. Sparks, of Lumburg, N.C.) of this Corps. We rejoiced in the night service over fifteen seekers at the Cross. On the following night two more souls were recorded, when the visiting Officers were again with us.

Among the seekers on Sunday night was a boy of about fifteen years. He is making a brave stand. On Monday his sister was one of the seekers. — K. Graham, Corres.

WIARTON
Captain Chatterton, Lieutenant Bailey, Candidates L. Clark and McElmurry, Owen Sound, were with us last week-end. Much blessing resulted as the outcome of their efforts. We also welcomed Corps Cadet E. Clifford, of London, who has come to assist during the furlough season. — M.C.C.

SWANSEA
Captain Page, Lieutenant Williams. The fire still burns at Swansea! God is with us, and our efforts have been blessed. On Sunday we finished the day with two songs consecrating themselves for service.

LIPPINCOTT
Captain and Mrs. Ellis, Lieut. Ellison. Our Officers being on furlough, the week-end meetings were conducted by the Songster Brigade, under Leader George Turpitt, assisted by Envoys Shandland and Weaver. The Soldiers turned out in good numbers to Open-air, and large crowds were attracted to hear the Salvation message in song and testimony. During the week-end six seekers knelt at the Cross. Brother Tom Churchill has been appointed Corps Sergeant-Major. — Corres. MacGregor.

PETERBORO
Commandant and Mrs. Ham. A successful campaign has been inaugurated in the surrounding villages, and the bombardment will continue throughout the Summer. The first attack was on the village of Larkfield. In the afternoon the League of Mercy, with Commander Ham, led a service of praise in the County House of Refuge. The service was most heartily enjoyed by the aged prisoners, and the talk by League of Mercy Sergeant-Major Mr. Lang was of a most helpful nature. Three persons held up their hands for prayer.



Two Open-air Converts in South America

After luncheon, by the Lake, a real Blood-and-Fire Open-air was held on the main street. Three to four hundred people listened most intently to the meeting. The League of Mercy was augmented by a number of Bandmen who entered heartily into the fray.

The campaign has included two late Sunday night attacks at Chessum Park. To mention that Major and Mrs. McElmurry, although on furlough, directed these, speaks for itself. The Summer visitors at this place are impatient in their requests for further visits.

Last week we visited Millbrook, and to this Open-air the Songster Brigade, under Songster-Leader Ben Smith, gave a thrilling air. A tremendous crowd was an inspiration and certainly brought the best from the Songsters. The town policeman had the busiest night in his career. Commandant Ham gave an earnest message from God's Word, and we closed with the "Abide with me" singing heartily. Pray for our Campaign!

WOODSTOCK, ONT.

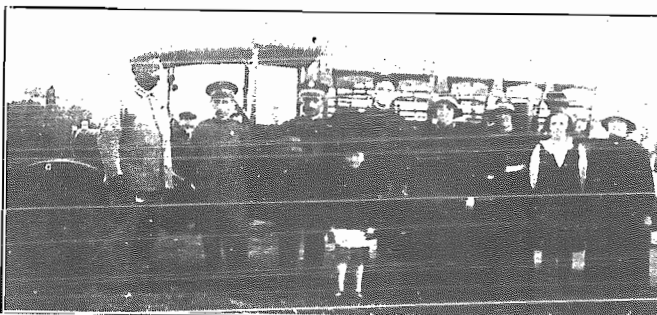
Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson. The farewell of Commandant and Mrs. Johnston will long be remembered, especially as it was the occasion of the departure of the Old Boys' Re-union, when Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, who were stationed at Woodstock many years ago, piloted the week-end campaign.

On Sunday night the "old boys" and visiting comrades spoke briefly. Commandant and Mrs. Johnston also saying a few words of farewell.

We have welcomed Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson as our new Officers, and are glad to be in good times under their leadership. We have had the joy of seeing one young man, an ex-Bandman, return to God, and several others have consecrated themselves afresh. — H. Piffey.

HAMILTON I

Adjutant Jones, Captain Maxwell. Commandant and Mrs. Ash specialized here on Sunday, July 24th. We had bright services and good crowds all day. In the night meeting Candidates Sharmon, Pooton and Knapp spoke, and Cadet Sergeant Hawkes. An earnest address by the Commandant, we released over four seekers at the mercy-seat. — J.E.W.



The Camion on which comrades from Buenos Ayres visited adjacent towns



From Our Readers

Pennings Well Worth Perusing



Some Thoughts about Voluntary Service

By Commandant Speller,
Yorkville

This question many would do well to consider for awhile, especially in this day of so-called freedom and liberty of action. Voluntary service is a term much misunderstood and abused. How easily do the words fly off the lips, "My service is voluntary and I don't have to do this or that." Don't be angry, comrade, I say it kindly; is it not often the excuse of the heart backslider, selfish and poor in soul?

Is it not that the day is warm, the country invites you, the car is running smoothly, while the Open-air is dusty and unpleasant, you are tempted to leave it to others for today while you seek pleasure? But comrade, your service in the past has not injured you, so why make the words "My service is voluntary" an excuse for neglect of duty?

Voluntary service, compulsory service or it is nothing at all, and not worthy of the name of service. At the back of all voluntary service is a compelling force, whether that service be for national, civic or individual betterment. It has always been so with those who have given their physical, mental, and spiritual best for God, country, or humanity. Florence Nightingale, Wesley, Lincoln, our Founder and thousands of others, whose service was called voluntary, were really under the compelling power of love.

It was so with Jesus. Misunderstood, despised, rejected of men,

ATTENTION!

Articles, stories relating to Army activity, Salvation incidents from real life, up-to-date news — all this affords scope for the would-be-useful Salvationist. There is a story behind many happenings associated with the Corps' fighting, if only you have the "news eye." If you glimpse a story and cannot write it up, inform the Editor without loss of time.

weary, spat upon, scourged, fainting, dying; such sacrifice; such suffering; it was all voluntary; yet we know that the driving force of His love for us made Him pay the extreme price.

What does voluntary service mean for you? It does not mean the mere performance of certain duties. We know many volunteers do these things while a spirit of selfishness and faultfinding marks every act of service so grudgingly rendered. On seeing how widespread in this evil one is appalled, and feels no surprise that no souls are saved at some Corps. How is it with you and your

Corps? Real voluntary service, the kind of service made possible by love, means working, praying, sacrificing, shouting and revelling in the fight, storming the forts of darkness, loving sinners, being faithful under all circumstances; it means possessing the "have to" spirit, having real devotion to principle.

Think well before you use the term "voluntary service." Change it to "compulsory service," first for your own soul, and then for the Salvation of others.

"Have another look at the Cross of Calvary.

Have another dip in the precious Blood."

Your voluntary service will then be all the term implies—a love service for God, for souls, for The Army.

A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE TO A "NEVER-MIND-ME" DAUGHTER

"I do not claim that she is perfect, but she is the finest example of the 'never-mind-me' spirit I have ever met." Such was the tribute paid to one of her daughters by the mother of a large family. Could any tribute be finer? Membership in a large family provides special opportunities for the display of such a spirit, but there are plenty of opportunities elsewhere, in any family, or office, or workshop. Do those with whom you associate bear witness that you have the "never-mind-me" spirit?

HOW WORTH IS PROVED

The following from the pen of Edgar Guest in the American Magazine seems well worth passing on. It should act as a challenge demanding that we give to this game of life the utmost of which we are capable.

"When in camp, the Boy Scouts play a very interesting game: The Patrol Leaders give each lad a hatful of rubbish—bits of tin, nails, string, paper, canvas, anything which has been gathered up about the grounds. A prize goes to the boy who makes the most ingenious article from this unpromising material. The finished objects are judged both for workmanship and the judging last Summer, and I was impressed by the variety of things which can be made from practically nothing. It occurred to me, as we examined the trinkets, that we were finding out not only which were the best articles but also which were the boys who knew how to make the most of their opportunities.

"I witnessed the judging last Summer, and I was impressed by the variety of things which can be made from practically nothing. It occurred to me, as we examined the trinkets, that we were finding out not only which were the best articles but also which were the boys who knew how to make the most of their opportunities.

"Life is like that Boy Scouts' game. It gives us bits of joy and sorrow; it hands us friends, hopes, disappointments. And we prove our worth by what we make of all these things."

In order to keep Salvation, there must be the steady and determined resistance of evil. The Christian is surrounded by enemies. He must fight his passage through. He will have to fight the devil, who, as a roaring lion, will be ever going about to devour his soul.

THERE SHALL BE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE WAY

A DREAM: By M. J. H.

I STOOD alone on the Isle of Youth at the beginning of the Way. All round about the night came down, and the mad, black

years in the middle of the Way, and gazed adown the nights and days, down the vistas ailes of gloom—the dark, dark ailes of night. At

MUCH MORE

By MAJOR CHARLES COLLIER

What a mighty revelation,
Full Salvation doth afford;
For an out and out surrender
We have splendor of reward.
Now we're dead to carnal joys,
Satan every art employs
Our allegiance to entice,
But we've chosen the sacrifice;
And more, much more, of every good
In Christ have we.

Much more, hath God in store;
Nothing good will He withhold
From the life by Him controlled.
Much more! Much more!
Indeed the half hath not been told.

Mention not the many pleasures,
And the treasures we shall mourn;
Nor remind us of the losses,
Or the crosses to be borne.
Though we could earth's wealth combine,
Gladly would we all resign.
Our dear Lord to serve and please,
And He giveth more than these.
Much more, for Heavenly graces shall
Our souls adorn.

For the trifles from us driven,
He hath richer riches rare,
Precious peace and joy unceasing,
While increasing grace we share.
In that grace like Him we grow,
Sweet communion with Him know.
One grand day in Heaven above,
We shall prove His perfect love.
Meanwhile we shall have the foretaste,
As the Cross we bear.

water swirled soundlessly. Folded across the face of earth, white mists hung, wraith-like, curtaining the years; and out of the mist, like troubled dreams, strange shapes appeared—of scorched and silent lands, athirst beneath a corner sky; of desolate mountain-peaks whose feet were laved by waters wild; of chasms, deep and dark, where the Unknown, en couchant, waited—

Fast fading in the backward distance childhood's sunlit years lay fair and smiling, near a luscious veil—the unspooled, happy years, of dreams, when friendly faces bent down from the sky, omnipotent, like God, hedging my way about and marking all the bright hours of the day with hourly love. But now I stood alone, and out of the dark a nameless fear of the untried years blew dark and chill across youth's isolated Isle.

"Watchman! what of the night?" I cried, troubling the golden portals of the stars with mine appeal. "The Way is dark; I cannot see a light!" And down the silvery silences, so faintly clear I held my breath to hear, a Voice replied. "Why art thou fearful, child? Whose hand is close by clasped in Mine dreads not the night. There shall be light!"

I stood alone on the brink of the

saw, upstream, the chequered years spread out on either side—agloom beneath the purple skirts of trouble-clouds, low hanging; gleaming again in the sunshine of a strong, high love, over all evening star; a vesper bell from out of the mist, and the shadows darkening along the shore—"Watchman! what of the night?" I cried to the sleeping winds and the silent hills. "The Way is dark; I cannot see a light!" Out of the unsummed spaces blown, a Voice—oh, long and dearly known!—fell on my heart like the soft caress of the Summer rain on the window-pane: "Why art thou fearful, child? Whose eyes of faith are fixed on Mine dreads not the night. There shall be light!"

Time's Paces

When as a child I laughed and wept,
Time crept. [talked]
When as a youth I thought and
Time walked.
When I became a full-grown man,
Time ran.
When older still I daily grew,
Time flew.
Soon I shall find in passing on,
Time gone.
O Christ, wilt Thou have saved me
then?

Under The Army Flag

BUDDHIST PRIEST TO ARMY CADET

HOW THE LIGHT OF GOD DAWINED IN THE SOUL OF A YOUNG CINGALESE

By Captain F. Samaraveera, Editorial Dept., Ceylon, T.H.Q.

AMONG THE "CRIMS"

Good News from The Army's Settlements in North and East India

A newspaper campaign against prostitution in Calcutta has stirred the city and created a desire among well-meaning people to stamp out this evil. One result has been that more of these unfortunate women and girls are seeking admittance to The Army's Industrial Home than it is possible to accommodate. Lieut. Commissioner. Ewens, Territorial Commander for Eastern India, is keeping a sharp look-out for a suitable building to extend this branch of our work.

From The Army's Chauterwa Criminal Settlement comes the report that four Dom families have been released on a long-time pass, and that three acres of land have been allotted to them some distance away. They have promised to attend the Sunday's meetings at the Settlement, and have requested the Officer-in-charge to conduct meetings in the village where they now live as free people. This is a step in the right direction, as it has always been the hope that members of the Criminal Tribes, as a result of The Army's influence in the Settlements, could ultimately be absorbed in the surrounding population.

Twenty Young People's Companies are now being run on The Army's Criminal Settlement at Moradabad, Northern India.

Twenty-five persons were recently sworn-in as Salvationists on The Army's latest Settlement on the Andaman Islands. As there is no large building yet at Aniket, the chief centre, the congregation had to squeeze into one of the settlers' houses, the sides of which were taken away to allow for more light and air—especially air!

ITEMS THAT CHEER

An "outsider" who attended the Cadets' meeting in Riga, Latvia, was greatly touched and encouraged by The Army's methods, and wrote to National Headquarters expressing this fact. She now lives in a little seaside place, but has regularly been sent WAR CRIES to sell. When the Self-Denial Effort came round she asked for a card and collected a good sum from amongst her friends.

In one of the Criminal Settlements in Madras Presidency, Lieut.-Colonel Shaw was translated from English into Tamil by a young man who has been brought up in The Army's Schools and whose parents were actually thieves.

Young People's Councils conducted by Lieut. Commissioner Palmer at thirteen different centres in Finland, resulted in 254 seekers.

DWELLING safe within the cloisters of a Buddhist monastery and temple in the salubrious town of Badulla, Ceylon, there was a young man who, dedicated to the Buddhist priesthood at the early age of seven, was being educated in the moral precepts of Buddha. He was one of a family of seven.

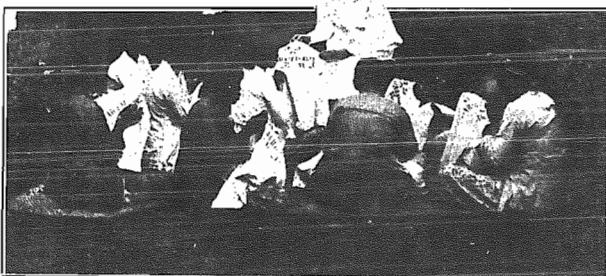
Shortly after his birth his parents entered into something of a fortune, and as a thank-offering the parents thought it expedient to set apart the "lucky boy" to be a priest. In order to ratify his parents' vow, and in response to sincere convictions, young Abeykone entered, with due ceremony, the life of a priest at the age of seventeen.

As far as outward appearances went, he led a life of piety and devotion. His passion for his religion flamed into persecution of Chris-

of this enthusiasm lay a disturbing conscience and a mental conflict. Even moral obedience could not silence the voice of conscience or satisfy the yearnings of the soul. A fellow-priest, who had lived in that temple for five-and-twenty years, lost faith in his religion and, giving up his robes, left the monastery. The light of God was throwing its beams into the dark crevices of this seat of agnosticism. The ex-priest found a new and better way—the way of truth and life—and he had the joy of knowing his sins forgiven through the atonement of Christ.

He did not forget Abeykone. Once he was in the light, he desired that others should be similarly blessed.

Correspondence was their means of communication. Abeykone's interest



Teaching women inmates of Semarang Leper Colony to work "Salvation Army" in Japanese characters on their uniforms

tians. In the old temple there was a copy of the Bible, not for the priests' edification, but as a target for ridicule. Abeykone felt annoyed at this, and on one occasion he had the Bible thrown out of the precincts of the temple. His attitude grew more militant. Into the house of a Christian family, who were wavering in the faith, the priest Abeykone was invited by certain influential Buddhists—relatives of the Christian family—to try, if possible, to convert the family to Buddhism. The family had at that time suffered bereavement. This fact had caused certain misgivings in their minds. Abeykone had the satisfaction of knowing, previous to leaving that house, that that family was seriously contemplating the return to their old beliefs.

Under the glided exterior

ripened, and he took to visiting his erstwhile comrade. The change in the ex-priest's life made a forceful appeal, and Abeykone's outlook on religion simultaneously changed.

At this time he happened to witness two deaths—that of a Christian and a Buddhist. The latter was famed for his piety, but his death was tragic indeed—for he died without hope! The Christian, although not equally well known, had a peaceful death. This, however, proved to be the parting of the ways as far as the Abeykone was concerned. Without delay he notified the chief priest of his wishes to leave the temple, and soon he was learning the fundamentals of the Christian faith.

After seven years of priestly life, on November 27th, 1924, at about 6 p.m., the light of God's forgiveness dawned in his heart. For a couple of years he was nurtured in the teachings of Christ. A few months ago, in Colombo, in a week-night Holiness meeting, he consecrated his life fully to God. Abeykone is now in Colombo Training Garrison.

AN UNHEEDED WARNING

During a recent Open-air meeting an old man, much the worse for liquor, became very noisy, and declared he was a musician, and had played in some of the leading bands of England. Continuing his interruptions, he later began to interfere with one of our young Bandmen, and I thought it was time I took him in hand. His conduct was really annoying, but when I thought of Christ's love for a dying world my heart was mellowed, and I began to tell him of the music occasioned by the name of Jesus in a believer's ear.

I led him some distance from the ring and continued to talk to him, quoting the verse of that old familiar hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Then I dealt seriously with him about his soul. I offered to get him a rickshaw to take him home, but he would not allow me.

This happened between 8 and 8.30 p.m. Less than two hours later the man was found shot through the head.—WAR CRY, South Africa.

A TROUBLESOME

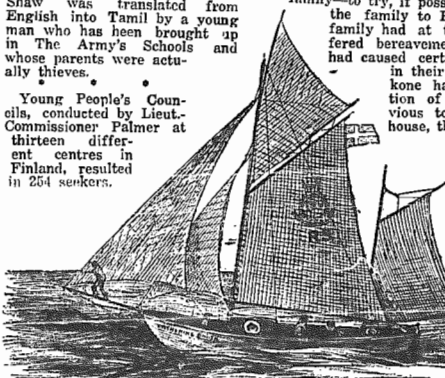
VIOLET

Little Violet was one of those restless kind of children that could never be still. She had not been attending The Army long before they found her one minute on the platform shaking a tambourine, the next minute causing some trouble among the people, or out in front of the Citadel tooting the horns of motor cars. On one occasion the Officer discovered the polished reading-desk badly scratched, and names written upon it. Violet was scolded for this; the next night the Officer found the reading-desk ravaged, but varnished so thickly that it would never dry—the young lady had tried to make matters right! The Officers were at their wits' end with this little trouble-maker, but at last, with kindness and patience, she was brought to God and is now a Corps Cadet and is doing well.—Winnipeg WAR CRY.

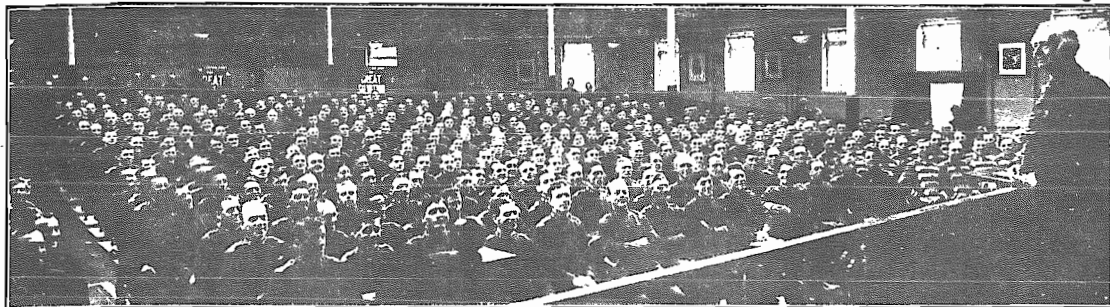
CHARLEY'S BLUE RIBBON

And How it was Won

At the sixteenth annual parade of work horses held by the Auxiliary of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in which one thousand horses participated, the Philadelphia Social Service Centre horse, "Charley," hitched to a regulation Salvation Army wagon, was awarded the "First Award Blue Ribbon" of the Delivery Wagon service, the driver was presented with the society's bronze medal. Great public applause for The Salvation Army was accorded the exhibit at the reviewing stand.—THE WAR CRY, New York.



The Catherine Booth Rescue Boat towing distressed fishing boats into safety after heavy buffeting in Norwegian waters



The General addressing Bandmasters, "Members of the Upper House of The Army's Musical World," in the Lecture Hall, at Clapton, Eng.

I WILL BE WORTHY

I may not reach the heights I seek;
My untried strength may fail me;
Or, half-way up the mountain peak
Fierce tempests may assail me;
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies life's comfort for my
pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor;
But though that goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell
with me—
I will be worthy of it.

SUDDEN DEATH TO SIN

The Separation from Sin is the
Work of an Instant

Assurance of Entire Sanctification is given by the Holy Spirit. Usually this assurance is given as soon as faith is exercised, but sometimes faith is tested by assurance being withheld for a time. In such a case the person should maintain his consecration and his faith in God's promises until the assurance comes.

Sanctification is the work of God. Man's consecration and faith do not sanctify; they are simply evidences upon which God's sanctifying grace is given.

Instantaneously

Entire Sanctification takes place instantaneously—in the same sense that death takes place instantaneously. A man may be dying for some time, but he does not die until the instant his soul is separated from his body; then he lives the life of eternity. So that a person may be some time reaching the point of entire freedom from sin, but he is only dead to sin when sin is separated from his soul, and at that instant he lives the full life of love.

In His Keeping

The entirely sanctified are kept only by God, Who, by His Spirit, dwells within them, and produces ever increasingly in their lives His own blessed "fruits." They must, however, do their part by continuing their consecration and trust, and by using God's appointed means for spiritual growth, such as prayer, Bible reading, testimony, responding to the Spirit's voice within, and submitting in all things to God.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT

A new variety of the beautiful flower known as gladiolus has been named William Booth by an American as a compliment to our revered Founder.

The originator, writing to the Commander, says that he thought "it was fitting so to name the flower in honor of a great man, as it is a purple variety, suggesting royalty and kingship." A pretty compliment!

Men with White Epaulettes

THE GENERAL MEETS 450 BANDMASTERS OF THE BRITISH TERRITORY IN COUNCIL

By Staff-Captain Hal Beckett

IT WAS a day of thrills! It was thrilling to see this body of men, representing nearly half the Bands of the British Territory, rise to meet their General, and as they cheered him on his arrival on the platform, one felt, instinctively, that we were in for a good day.

The General said in his introductory remarks that he looked upon The Salvation Army Bandmasters as "the upper house of The Army's Musical World."

realize its danger. "It is much easier to warn a man of sin and its consequences when he is opposed to you, than when he invites you to supper and says pleasant things to you. But we must not allow this friendliness to blunt our swords."

What a vision was presented to one and all as the General portrayed to us the many doors opened to The Army all over the world.

He said he hoped to have been able by use of lantern slides to show us

for help still sounding in our ears. Many eyes were wet, hearts were thrilled, and, inwardly, hundreds of men thanked God for their association with The Army.

The General said we had cause to rejoice in the fact that while many other religious denominations were lamenting their declines, we were making progress. We have suffered much through the War, and through last year's national disturbance, but we can show progress. The General quoted the following figures showing the increase in the British Territory during the past four years:

SENIORS:	1923	1927	Increase
Bands	915	1,045	130
Bandmen	17,512	20,397	2,885
Songster Brn.	742	872	130
Songsters	14,337	18,534	4,197
JUNIORS:			
Bands	437	471	28
Singing Com.	437	665	228

Amongst the many practical items concerning the management of Bands with which the General dealt perhaps the most forcible was when he urged the Bandmasters to encourage the idea of the larger Bands helping the smaller Bands.

He suggested two particular methods of carrying this out, one of which was that the Bandmasters of the larger Bands should be willing for some of their men to transfer to Corps where there was a struggling Band, and thus reinforce the weak combination. He also said he wanted to discourage the practice which was in existence in some places where Bandmaster encouraged the instrument talents of smaller Bands to come and augment their already large combinations.

The General gave great satisfaction to the Bandmasters present when he said, "I am glad to have some of my old friends with me to-day—here, Sister, I refer to you, Sister's name brought forth great applause and the General himself was much pleased. He's supposed to be more dead than alive, and now, Commander Clapton—he's not alive than dead!"

A feeling of great tenderness over the house as the General continued, "I am losing my old friend one by one; only this morning, as arrived here, I was met with the news that dear Mrs. Commissioner Beards had passed away during the night."

Words cannot describe the thrill of the final session as the General so like the father of us all—counselled the husbands with regard to their sacred family relations, gave advice, and direction which in its way was a masterpiece, and then finishing up with an impressive "Now, what about yourselves," final consecration was entered into by all, and one would need a keen imagination to foresee the far-reaching effects of what took place in hearts of all present during the final few minutes.



The General signs the Contract for the Musical Training Garrison at Denmark Hill, London, 12.7.1927

"I want to speak to you as accountable beings," said the General, "men who are responsible—responsible as men, responsible as disciples of Jesus Christ and responsible as Soldiers of The Army."

He spoke of the increasing friendliness shown to The Army by people of all classes, and while he wanted us to rejoice in this, we must also

some of the work which carried on because of our doors open to us, but that was not possible. All who were privileged to be present will agree, however, that no stereotyped views could have given the picture presented as the General told out of his overflowing heart, of the wonderful accomplishments of The Army in Eastern lands, and the many calls

BE BUSY, MY FRIEND

Somebody near you is struggling alone
O'er life's desert sand; [are gone,
Faith, hope, and courage together
Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of
your light; [fire light.
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon
Cheer his discouragement, soothe
his afflict,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold,
Send him some aid to-day: [old,
Somebody near you is feeble and
Left without human stay;
Under his burden put hands kind
and strong;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a
song; [along
Haste to do something to help him
Over his weary way.

Be busy, my friend, for time fleeth fast,

Soon it will all be gone;

Soon will our season of service be past,

Soon will our day be done.

Somebody near you needs now a kind word;

Someone needs help such as you can afford;

Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,

There is a soul to be won.



Official Organ of The Salvation Army
in Canada East - Newfoundland and
Bermuda
International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner William
Maxwell,
James and Albert Sts., Toronto 2.

Printed for The Salvation Army in
Canada East, Newfoundland and Ber-
muda, by The Salvation Army Printing
House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of
THE WAR CRY (including the special
Easter and Christmas issues) will be
mailed, postage to any address in Can-
ada for twelve months for the sum of
\$2.50.
All Editorial communications should
be addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Promotions—

Adjutant Jaynes, Ottawa Rescue
Home.

To be Adjutant—

Ensign John Kerr, Ottawa Child-
ren's Home.

To be Ensign—

Captain H. Lewis, Ottawa Hospital.
Captain Carrie Barrie, Windsor
Hospital.

Captain R. Schmidt, Windsor Hos-
pital.

Captain L. Trickett, Halifax Hos-
pital.

Captain Agnes Bird, Hamilton Hos-
pital.

To be Captain—

Lieutenant Pearl Billings, London
Hospital.

Lieutenant M. McCaffrey, Toronto
Hospital.

Lieutenant C. Hutchinson, Toronto
Hospital.

Lieutenant A. Williams, Saint John
Hospital.

Lieutenant Ivy Dart, Halifax Hos-
pital.

Lieutenant A. Henderson, Windsor
Hospital.

Appointments:

Captain and Mrs. McMillan, Campbell-
ford.

Captain R. Gage, Bedford Park.

Captain and Mrs. Ritchie, Bowmanville.

Captain and Mrs. Mundy, Lindsay.

Captain N. Johnston, Port Hope.

Captain Wright, Greenwood.

Captain Purdy, Whitby.

Captain J. Greenleids, Uxbridge.

Captain and Mrs. Ashby, Rhodes Avenue.

Captain Toms, Birchcliffe.

Captain Fraser, Woodbine.

Captain Pearl Ritchie, Florence.

Captain and Mrs. Mercer, New Aber-
deen.

Captain McNab, Sydney Mines.

Captain and Mrs. Mills, Whitney Pier.

Captain Sedmont, Bridgewater.

Captain Cobham, Bridgewater.

Captain D. Duggan, Port Hope.

Captain A. Clingue, Kentville, N.S.

Captain Menches, Liverpool.

Captain J. Williams, Parrboro.

Captain Lynch, Pictou.

Captain Z. Ward, Shelburne.

Captain Wambolby, Kenton, N.S.

Captain London, Westville.

Captain Taylor, Oxford.

Captain Spark, Lunenburg.

Captain Keeling, Annapolis.

Captain Collins, Carleton Place.

Captain Shand, Kempville.

Captain Snowden, Pembroke.

Captain Kimbrell, Dixon.

Captain and Mrs. Dixon, Smith's Falls.

Captain Taylor, Renfrew.

Salvation Battlings at Jackson's Point Camp

THE "POINT" ON SATURDAY NIGHT

THE COMMISSIONER

Conducts Fruitful Meeting in the Grove

Thirty-Seven Seekers

Life-Saving Guard Pledge

I PROMISE:—

- I. To fear God and Serve Him.
- II. To give of my strength and sympathy to the weak and suffering.
- III. To be loyal to my country.
- IV. To be true to the Life-Saving Guard Declaration.

THE week-end of July 30th and 31st at Jackson's Point was a memorable one, made so by several outstanding things. First the weather was delightful; warm sunshine tempered by a cool breeze from Lake Simcoe. This was particularly appreciated as it made it possible to hold all the meetings in the Grove, whereas inclement weather has made it necessary to use the Scout Pavilion on several Sundays recently.

Then the fact that Monday was Civic Holiday in many nearby towns and cities, brought a vast crowd of visitors to the camp.

Then this was the last Sunday in camp for the Life-Saving Guards! The Scouts had come and gone, the Guards' two weeks of camp life was almost over, and the realization that the tents would soon be struck and the Scout and Guard camp be over for another year made these young people very anxious to make the most of the Sunday.

And lastly, the knowledge that the Commissioner was to lead the Sunday night meeting added the final touch of interest. As a visitor the Commissioner had addressed two meetings in the Grove some six years ago, but this was his first camp engagement since taking charge of the Territory.

The first shot was fired on Saturday night when Adjutant Buntan, who proudly calls himself the

Officer of the Jackson's Corps, led an Open-air meeting at Jackson's Point village. The camp organ was mounted on a truck, and as many Officers and Soldiers as could crowd on the truck and in two automobiles started out.

Arrived at the Point a ring was formed and a red-hot Open-air was soon in full swing.

Songs and testimonies were brightened by music of the organ at which Brother Locke presided, while Adjutant Martin, Adjutant Harpley, and Ensign Falls helped with cornet, violin and guitar respectively.

The Sunday morning meeting was conducted by Adjutant Buntan as a "fellowship Meeting." Following the opening song, prayer was offered by Lieutenant Burrows, Adjutant Harpley and Colonel Hargrave, and the Adjutant gave a Bible reading and a brief address in which he emphasized purity as essential to power; a simple, helpful talk, straight from his heart to ours.

Mrs. Buntan's solo and Ensign Falls' testimony were vital in their appeal to "render unto God the things that are God's."

Colonel Adhy and his daughter, Captain Mildred, sang as a duet "Jesus lover of my soul," to the tune of "The vacant chair." Soloists, this went well and is worthy of your attention: try it some time.

At 3 p.m. a program was rendered

: Territorial Tersities :

Commandant Joseph Galway is now a member of the Life-Saving Guards. Frequently, during the past four years, contributions from the Commandant's pen have appeared in the journal, and it is a source of satisfaction to the Editor that THE WAR CRY will soon receive full-time notice from a pen which has successfully negotiated many tests.

Captain and Mrs. McMillan, of Campbellford, have welcomed a baby son into their home.

Eighty Candidates have thus far been accepted for the Training Session, which opens next month. To date, Hamilton Division has the largest number of prospective entrants.

Sympathy is tendered to Captain Robert and Lieutenant George who have suffered the loss of their father, Scout Chaplain Wright, of St. Thomas.

A regrettable accident occurred recently at Saul Ste. Marie's Comrades of Number II Corps were marching the street when a reckless motorist crashed into them, striking two young comrades, Jean Wyper and Ruth Wyatt, who sustained serious injuries. Prayer is requested.

Major Jack Clithero, of the Emigration Department, United Kingdom, was

a recent visitor in Toronto, en route to England from Australia, whence she had conducted a party of emigrants.

As an evidence of the sincere respect which the Jews have for our Organization, a communication has reached us from "The Jewish Chronicle," calling our attention to a page devoted in that Journal to The Army's Social Work.

With this issue of THE WAR CRY, the serial story, "On Tramp for Jesus," is concluded. Written by Lieut.-Colonel Nicholson, a well-known Army journalist, the story has interested a great number of our readers who will be glad to learn that other stories from the Colonel's pen will appear in subsequent issues.

Lieut.-Colonel Joy has been appointed Editor of the Canada West edition of THE WAR CRY. We heartily welcome him into Army Penland.

Territorial Headquarters changes:—Adjutant Porter has been appointed to the Property Department, and Ensign Watling to the Trade Department. We wish them well in their new positions.

Bandmaster Harry Hanagan has now assumed full control of the Temple Band, which greatly benefited under the direction of Adjutant Cole.

by the Life-Saving Guards under the chairmanship of Colonel Adhy. Lack of space forbids comment on all the items and a score of their play forbids the mention of some to the exclusion of others. The Life-Saving Guards' pledge, which is featured on this page was recited, together with the declaration by a Guard from the Hamilton Troop, and impressed all by its high idealism.

The meeting on which the most interest was centred was that held at 7 p.m. Adjutant Buntan led a short song service while we took our seats. When the Commissioner came to the platform he led the singing of a verse of the 23rd Psalm, followed by the Lord's Prayer recited in unison. Then Colonel Adhy lined out "Tell me the old, old story," and Major Walton brought the blessing of God on the service.

After the singing of "Rock of Ages," the Commissioner referred to his last meeting in the Grove, and recalled a boy called Ginger, who after a tremendous struggle made his way to the mercy-seat by vaulting a form, and having found peace made the striking declaration, "From now on I mean to be a man."

Adjutant Ellery soon had the Guards singing a lively chorus, which the Commissioner required to be sung as a solo or duet by various comrades in the audience, much to the entertainment of all but the victims selected to sing.

After another duet had been sung, the Commissioner began a heart-searching Bible address. A few of the attendance of the Life-Saving Guards and a large number of other Young People, he expressed his intention of speaking principally to them, but the older people present found that his words applied equally well to them.

THE COMMISSIONER

will conduct the

PUBLIC FAREWELL OF

Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor

in the Temple, at 7 p.m.,

SUNDAY, August 21st.

All his words led in the direction of the penitent-form, and soon a Prayer meeting was in progress, which developed into a real battle for the souls of the Young People present. Colonel Adhy assisted the Commissioner in this, and the large number of Officers and Soldiers present lent the aid of their prayers and faith. Soon the first volunteers were kneeling at the front, and before darkness closed in on this historic Grove, thirty-seven had knelt in penitence at the rough bench which he came to them as the foot of the Cross.

It would have been a hard heart indeed which did not quicken its beat at some of the incidents in this Prayer meeting. In one place a number of Guards were kneeling around her, unknown to her mother, but one of their clumps pleading with her to surrender, and when at last she yielded they knelt there together in silent thanksgiving.

One little girl of eleven years was seen to be in the deepest grief. Careful, kindly questioning brought out the fact that she had during the day of Guards been kneeling around her, unknown to her mother, but one of their clumps pleading with her to surrender, and when at last she yielded they knelt there together in silent thanksgiving.

The Officer in charge of Jackson's Point Corps, reports that the attendance for the three meetings on Sunday was nine hundred and sixteen, which constitutes a record, but which he expects to see surpassed in the near future.

Newfoundland Congress in Perspective

Wayside Gatherings :: An Arch of Welcome :: Pentecostal Power

One Hundred and Thirty-Five Seekers for Salvation and Holiness

LOOKING back upon the Commissioner's first visit to the Ancient Colony, one sees many things worthy of being chronicled, which did not figure in the account of the meetings which appeared in our last issue.

While the public meetings were very wonderful the Commissioner and those who accompanied him felt that many things which did not catch the public eye were of equal value to the Kingdom of God and The Salvation Army in Newfoundland.

When the Commissioner and his party shook hands with Major Owen on the wharf at North Sydney, and stepped on board the S.S. Cariboo, with good wishes and assurances of prayers still ringing in their ears, and the good ship swung out into the Strait of Belle Isle, they felt that Newfoundland's Fortieth Annual Congress was on. Canada dropped below the horizon astern, and all eyes were eagerly turned toward the bow and Port ussioner's Field-Major Higdon oger for the sight of home and loved ones. Colonel Morehen eager to renew old acquaintances and engage again in a Newfoundland battle for souls, the Commissioner eager to greet for the first time his Officers and Soldiers in the Sub-Territory; and all knowing that awaiting them was a warm-hearted welcome from comrades who had longed and prayed for the campaign upon which they had now entered.

At Port aux Basques there was rain in the air and flooded streets underfoot, but there was sunshine in the welcoming smile of Ensign Haggott at the wharf, and there was radiant warmth in the hospitality extended to the visitors at the hotel where they breakfasted, and where the Commissioner's prayer for God's blessing was deeply appreciated.

The train journey to St. John's was brightened by occasional little groups of Officers and Soldiers at the stations on the way. The Commissioner made a point of visiting the train at handshake all round, and a few words of fellowship with each of these groups. It didn't satisfy his genial spirit to wave a hand of greeting through a car window, he must be among them, and make them feel that he was interested in the welfare of the humblest Soldier at the smallest Corps. Only those who have stood by the Flag for years in a small Corps can appreciate how much these simple acts of official courtesy can mean, and it is safe to affirm that no fewer of the comrades will be longer held in memory than these little wayside gatherings.

After the jubilant welcome at the St. John's Railway Depot, the Commissioner went on a mission of mercy known to only a few. Lying very ill in the sanitarium was Lieutenant Parsons, stricken down early in the fight by a very serious illness. To this young warrior it was a real trial that he was unable to have a share in the good things of the Congress, but at least the keenest of his disappointments were allayed when our Leader made it possible to pay him a personal visit

and cheer him with kindly words and prayer. It was a solemn moment when Lieutenant and Commissioner clasped hands, and, as veteran and recruit looked deep into each others' eyes the Lieutenant said: "Commissioner, I am a very young Officer, and I don't know what awaits me in the future, but whether it is life or

thoughtfully arranged for the Commissioner to meet Sir John R. Bennett and a number of other prominent men at lunch at the Hospital. This not only enabled our Leader to become acquainted with those who were to occupy the platform at his lecture, but gave him an opportunity for a very profitable

also found to pay a visit to the Rescue Home, so well named "The Anchorage," with its offer of refuge and help to storm-tossed souls.

What greatly impressed all who took part in the public meetings at St. John's was the wonderful way in which they developed in power from the first engagement on Friday night, to the Prayer meeting on Sunday night, when the floodgates were opened wide, and wave after wave of blessing poured out upon the waiting people of God. When Colonel Morehen, who has been a Prayer meeting fighter for forty years, begins to tell you about that Prayer meeting, he leaves his desk and walks back and forth in his office as though he were on the platform again, and with a faraway look in his eyes says, "O man, he was wonderful Prayer meetings. I was over in in my life."

As the Commissioner spoke of it his whole figure was tense with emotion, and his voice was low and reverent as he said, "It was like Pentecost."

The Soldiers' meeting on Monday night was a splendid sequel to the Sunday campaign. Everybody was expectant and eager, and God did not disappoint these waiting souls. There was no pressure, but one after another came to the Altar until a long line of the fighting soldiery of St. John's was kneeling in solemn renewal of vows, and fresh dedication of all for service. The presence in this meeting of a number of the Sunday night converts was very encouraging and promised much for the future.

The comrades at Grand Falls had erected an arch of welcome outside the Citadel, which bore splendid testimony to the warmth of their welcome and their zeal for the meetings at this Corps. They were not disappointed as the meetings were of the highest order in every way.

The Officers gathered in Council included all the comrades from Field-Majors with a life-time of service behind them to Pro-Lieutenants whose armor had not yet received a dint in the fray. To deal helpfully with all was a task requiring the skill of a spiritual statesman, but the Commissioner is himself a veteran with long experience in this sort of meeting and had something for everybody. The closing moments of these Officers' Councils were wonderful in power, and many towns and villages throughout Newfoundland have felt ere this the renewed attack of the officers who have now returned to their Corps.

The Commissioner was naturally anxious to find out as much as possible about Army Work in the Island. With this in view he not only met all the Staff Officers, but he had special interviews with eleven of the Corps Officers. At these comrades he directed a veritable machine-gun fire of questions concerning every detail of their work and circumstances, and it is safe to say that right now Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell knows more about The Salvation Army in Newfoundland than many (Continued on page 13)

SAYS THE COMMISSIONER

"Surely one of the impossible things is to be associated with intense Salvationism as it abounds in Newfoundland; and not to be spiritually enriched. I am still tingling with the wonder of the experiences through which I passed during my visit to the Sub-Territory. I am mindful of the kindness extended to me by all; of the inspiration resulting from contact with comrades engaged in the same glorious crusade, but over and above all other delights and enrichments, I place the uplift which came to my soul during seasons positively touched by the Finger of God. Our comrades in Newfoundland know how to sing; how to fight; how to pray — and how to prevail with God! They know Him, and in honoring Him they are honored."

Toronto, Thursday, August 4th, 1927.

death I shall always be glad I have spent my life in winning souls."

A special feature of the campaign was the Commissioner's singing. The Newfoundland comrades had heard much of "The Singing Commissioner," and looked forward to hearing him, and they were not disappointed. He sang a solo in every meeting, and always they were the kind that reach the heart.

Staff-Captain Fagner had very

conversation about Divine things and the affairs of The Salvation Army in Newfoundland, an opportunity which he was quick to appreciate and utilize to the full.

Apart from all the public engagements it was found possible to have a meeting with the nurses at Grace Hospital, and to visit a number of the patients, giving special attention to two veteran Salvationists who were prevented from attending the meetings by illness. A way was

THE COMMISSIONER at BISHOP'S FALLS AND GRAND FALLS

FOR some little time the Salvationists of Grand Falls had been looking forward to the visit of Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell. On Friday, July 15th, the Band and a number of Soldiers motored to Bishop's Falls, where the Commissioner was conducting a meeting in the Albert Hall, and returned with a glowing report of the blessings received. Not many hours later the Commissioner and party arrived at Grand Falls for a week-end campaign.

After a good night's rest the Commissioner spent Saturday morning inspecting Salvation Army property, and in the afternoon paid a visit to the paper mills.

At night was the welcome to the Commissioner. At half past seven the Band, Soldiers, Life-Saving Guards and Sunbeams were on the march. The meeting was opened by Lieut.-Colonel Moore who, introducing the Commissioner, told of the helpful and uplifting time spent at St. John's, and what blessings had been received through the Commissioner's ministry. He blessed in like manner God's work in making him a blessing to this people. Following a foreful address by Colonel Morehen, the Commissioner sang and entered into his subject for the evening. Everybody enjoyed it to the full.

The Sunday morning meeting was attended by many who were not able to be present on Saturday night. The Commissioner first talked to the Young People, that section of the Corps being well to the fore. Then came the dedication of the infant child of Brother and Sister Maidment. Tenderly, and in well chosen words, the Commissioner gave the babe to God. The Commissioner's subject for the Holiness meeting was most effectively treated and was followed by a number of consecrations at the mercy-seat.

At night a capacity audience greeted the Commissioner. As in all the other meetings, Colonel Morehen and Lieut.-Colonel Moore rendered very valuable assistance. Commandant and Mrs. Canning gave brief farewells addresses, this being the last Sunday of their term of two years service at the Corps. After the Band had played an appropriate piece of music, the Commissioner gave a Bible address in his usual whole-souled manner. Tears were seen on many faces, and when Colonel Morehen gave the invitation six seekers knelt in repentance at the Cross. But the total result of that meeting will not be known "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Newfoundland comrades were pleased to see Colonel Morehen, a former Divisional Commander. The fragrance of the visit of the Commissioner and his party will remain with the people of Grand Falls for a long time.—L.H.



Our Musical Fraternity



"SONGS OF THE EVANGEL"

A Review of Commander Evangeline Booth's New Book of Songs

BY BANDMASTER ERIC LEIDZEN

Commander Evangeline Booth has at last gratified a wish long felt by many of us that a collection of her songs should be published separately, so as to be easily obtainable by the host of people whose hearts have been stirred by her great personality, of which the very essence seems to emanate from the leaves as I open the book. For the serene face of the Lord's handmaiden who has led us to battles innumerable and her vigorous and characteristic signature at once meet my glance.

It is far from easy to write a review of this book after reading the Commander's preword, which so completely sums up the meaning of "Songs of the Evangel." What ought to be said is given therein and the reviewer's task is really accomplished when he has said, "Get the book, the sooner the better, and judge for yourself!"

A veil is lifted and intimate glimpses of our beloved Leader's life are revealed as we turn the pages. For each song has its story, and that story is told in beautiful and expressive language with numerous choice illustrations. Amongst the horrible surroundings were some of these tender melodies written! But as pure, white water-lilies they were sent unspotted to the daylight from the mud, and slime, and darkness at the bottom of a world deluged by sin and misery. Where is the Salvationist who has not seen scores of souls come to the mercy-seat whilst "The Wounds of Christ" was being sung? But few of us ever knew how, when, and where this gem came into being. So it is with several of the older compositions which an unceasing demand make it necessary to print once more.

But the majority of "Songs of the Evangel" are as yet comparatively unknown to us. For the most part composed during the Commander's late illness and convalescence, "I make bold to predict that one of these: 'I bring Thee all' will prove a great favorite, not only in public gatherings, but also in the home circle as well as with the lonely.

There is one thing about this volume that strikes the present writer very forcibly—and that is the great variety of moods and thoughts to be found in it. This, of course, necessitates a similar variety in musical expression, and a cursory glance at the music is enough to make one feel that this is accomplished. The majestic strains of "Praise Wide the Gates" touch a solemn chord in our souls, and we approach this vision with a deep veneration hovering on awe-struck lips. But turning to "Oh, Hallelujah!" in which the irresistible rhythmic almost makes us hear the hoofs of the prancing horses clattering over the ground, our eyes begin to twinkle and all is smiles and laughter. In "Just a Smile" the

(Continued in column 2)

MUSICAL INTERPRETATION AND EXPRESSION

THE ESSENCE OF MUSIC

ONE OF ENGLAND'S

"FRONT RANKERS"

THE REGENT HALL (London)

BAND

THERE are many people who can play the most difficult compositions, so far as the number and value of the notes and the keeping of the complications of tempo are concerned; but all the time the very essence of music, expression, seems to be little understood, or at any rate, the gift seems to be the personal property of just a few.

And yet it is within the reach of most musicians who, by ardent study and practice, would seek to acquire the faculty.

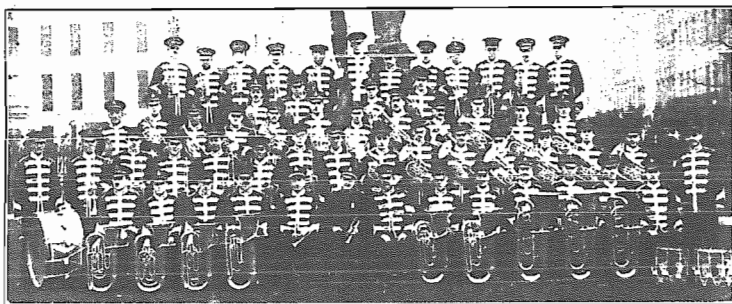
Although we have an abundance of expression marks, English, German, Italian and otherwise, still these in themselves are inadequate to convey from the composer to the player those thoughts—those degrees of light and shade—those inexpressible feelings which move within his breast as he writes. Hence, the player whose musical soul is moved to feel the needed touch, and is able

to give effect to his emotions as he passes along, may be said to understand the real meaning of interpretation and expression.

Every musician should secure a standard work on the subject, if he has not already done so, and settle down to hard study. Pleasure and profit will reward the efforts of all who persevere.

To be able to give right expression, the musician must understand metrical accentuation. He must be acquainted with the whole of the set times used in music; must know whether they be duple, triple, or quadruple, and their respective compounds; also those times styled "illegitimate."

He must have a perfect knowledge of that part of a bar in which notes are accented, and unaccented, and why they are so, as well as of the rules for syncopation, and what effect this has upon accentuation.



The Regent Hall (London) Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Twichin

Speaking of Regent Hall Band, Lieut. F. Wood, H.M. Director of Music for the Brigade of Guards and B.M. of H.M. Scots Guards, said: "The Band has good attack and finish, a proper regard of light and shade, and plays with temperament and soul."

(Continued from column 1)

triple time, so very suggestive of the wavy, watery element, has been fitted to a poem of storms passed and harbor gained.

It is, however, hopeless to try to enumerate the different features of this unique collection of sacred songs, and even if it were possible, how could I ever hope to give the reader any adequate idea of the jewels to be found between its covers? Sufficient to say that for the soloist this volume is a Godsend. With its diversified pages to choose from, there is a song for every occasion. No Salvationist's home should be without a copy of "Songs of the Evangel," so rich in inspirational and devotional hymns.

To those who have not seen or heard the Commander this book will serve as an introduction into her presence, giving, as it does, a closer view of her spiritual life than most people have had the privilege of obtaining. For the weary, for the tempted, for the beauty-craving, for the music-hungry, there is something in these pages, and we are sincerely grateful to the composer for the priceless gift she has given us. We are proud of her, and her many great talents, and we rejoice that it is made possible, through these songs, for us to share her thoughts and emotions. Music is a link between souls, invisible but strong. Where the spoken word is powerless

and fails, there the real mission of music begins. As the poet says:

Mute! On how faint, how weak language fades before thy spell! Why should feeling ever speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

On the last page of the volume is a poem entitled, "Old Leaves." Reading it through—not for the first or the second time—a double meaning of its words forces itself on my mind and I see, as in a vision far in the future, souls ready to cross the river of death, saying farewell to this life in which there are many things that become very dear to us. Who knew, but that one Christian soul, drawn to the Saviour through the songs printed on the leaves of this volume, will clasp them to his bosom—old leaves, faded, worn, tear-stained, but dear to the last because ever pointing upwards? We know, but that he whistles, with a radiant smile in spite of the death-dew, while the pulse beats fainter and fainter.

Emblems of soul's immortality. Loved ones who in resurrection rise. The palm to wave that never dies. Death, the gate of Heaven above—Eternal life and the home of Love. May God in His Love use these songs for the work for which they were designed, and may He shower His richest blessings on our dear Commander for the uplift and help she has been to us always, but now in a special measure through "Songs of the Evangel!"

London on their departure overseas on one occasion doing duty all night.

On three occasions the Band has had the honored privilege of playing at Buckingham Palace, receiving special messages of thanks from Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and His Majesty King George.

Regent Hall Band was instrumental in raising £1,000 (\$5,000) for a new Citadel in Rheims, France, the former one having been destroyed during the War, and in October 1922, Bandmaster Twichin and other members of the Band assisted at the opening of this new Hall.

The Band has won warm eulogies for its playing from many eminent critics, and best of all, has won the admiration of all Salvationists for its loyal and whole-hearted devotion to the cause of Salvationism. Bandmaster Bert Twichin has been a splendid example in this.

No Heart Behind the Voice

A generation ago there appeared in Paris one whose voice was counted the most perfect voice in Europe. Musical critics gave unstinted praise to the purity of tone and accuracy of execution. Yet in a few weeks the audiences had dwindled to a handful and in a few years the singer's name was forgotten. Obscurity overtaken the singer because there was no heart behind the voice, and so the heartless became metallic. Contrariwise the history of Jenny Lind contains a letter to a friend in Sweden, in which the singer writes: "Oh, that may live two years longer and be permitted to save enough money to complete my orphan's home!"

A Serial Story, Specially Written for the Canada East WAR CRY.



An Tramp for Jesus

The Pioneering Experiences of certain Salvation Army Bandsmen

— By —
LIEUT.-COLONEL WM.
NICHOLSON

CHAPTER XII

Yuletide and After

IT WAS the first Christmas the members of the Pioneering Band had spent away from the Homeland. King Frost had waved his sceptre over mountain, dale and river, and though the sun shone from a clear sky, the hard snow crunched beneath the foot and the thermometer threatened to drop to zero. Rug-filled sleighs with bells ringing merrily flitted by, and either a white skater and tobogganers had a royal time.

The wide-awake folk of the West were eager to prevent our young friends being attacked by home-sickness. Not that Rupert and his companions had much time to brood, even if they were inclined to do so. This was most fortunate.

Throughout the festive season, especially, the people lavished many kindnesses upon them.

An Excellent Physician

Hard work is an excellent physician, not only does it cure diseases, it prevents them. Our young friends were kept employed from sun-up to sun-down. Never were they so busy. They labored ceaselessly for the welfare of the people, and God manifested His goodness in giving them the desire of their hearts, even the Salvation of souls.

Amid Yuletide's whirl they were a healthy and happy hearted party and brought sunny smiles to sad faces, and good cheer to lonely hearts. They tolled through Christmas, so that when it was over they could look back with genuine satisfaction to the good they had accomplished.

It was a great day when news was received that their campaigning experiences were to come to an end, and that after months of separation from friends they were to return home. There was much excitement, for they were as yet but Officers in the making. They were still far from perfect, though, of course, much better for their experiences. In the great lands they had visited all had made friends whom they were sorry to leave. But their kinsfolk were across the sea, so it was natural, we suppose, for them to answer the call to return with glad and eager hearts.

Return to the Homeland

The last meeting came with its mighty crowd and enthusiastic send-off, and all too soon they were off. Sandy Hook in tempestuous weather, with the prospect of a troublesome time. Despite the fury of the tempest, and in all their tribulations, they were cheered by the knowledge that every revolution of the screw of the good ship "Aurank" carried them nearer to their tempestuous weather, and the old battlefield in which they had been trained, and the Field in which some of them were to spend so many years of their lives. One evening when the storm had abated, a request

came for the Band to play and sing to the passengers, a privilege of which they were quick to avail themselves, not only because of the friends it would make, but for the opportunities it would afford them to keep the old flag waving.

"What is the programme when we reach England?" enquired Rupert of Ernest while walking the deck before turning in.

"There are to be reception or welcome-home meetings at several big centres, beginning at Liverpool, and ending in London," replied Ernest.

"Capital idea," answered Rupert.

"Then we are to have a rest."

"Good again."

"What is to happen after that?"

"I am going into the Field."

"You!" exclaimed Ernest, intensely.

"Myself," answered Rupert quietly.

"Is it settled?"

"I think so."

"Then this is to be your last sea trip with us?" said Ernest ruefully.

"Yes," came the simple answer.

"How do you feel about it?"

"Don't ask me, Ernest. I feel bad. Worse than that. But I am as clear on the point as it is possible to be. I have the clearest conviction that I ought to be an Officer. But though I feel bad about the idea of leaving you fellows, I can only do one thing, and that is, go forward."

Liverpool was reached in due course. Here the Pioneering Band was given a great reception. A few days later they were welcomed to London where, at Clapton where, they gave a good account of their journey on land and sea, and told with shining faces of the many souls they had been able to win.

Then after a little prayer-meeting in a room cumbered up with their baggage, they stood up and shook hands, and departed for their various homes, never to meet under exactly the same conditions. The sense of having striven to do their duty on all occasions was now a consolation to them, and though with their wider outlook they could now see where they could have done better, they had much reason for thanksgiving.

Rupert Wright expected to be commissioned as a Lieutenant, and hoped that it would be a Corps with a big

fighting force. So often it is the unexpected that happens. One morning at the end of his furlough, there was a double rattle at the door. Rupert went to the door. It was the postman with an official Salvation Army letter. When he looked at the name he was unable to see it? Presently the dancing hieroglyphics were still, and he read "Captain Rupert Wright." With a swift movement he tore open the envelope and learnt that he had been appointed to take charge of Conington, a place with nine thousand inhabitants, and a Salvation fighting force of fifteen all told.

It was now that the training and discipline of the past twelve months



"With a swift movement he tore open the envelope"

were put to the test; for, if truth must be told, Rupert was sorely disappointed. He had plans all made, and now they were upset.

Satan whispered: "Do not go—you will fail. There is yet time."

With a set face, he went to his room and knelt beside his bed, and opened his Bible. At once his eyes fell upon the words: "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you."

"I will go," he declared quietly. "If I fail, I'll fail trying to succeed, but with God's help I will not fail." Then

his lips closed up tight. The words had scarcely been spoken, when the sense of his first Field Officer victory came to him and while he knelt and prayed his heart began to sing.

Here let us leave him. Here, also, let us leave Ernest, "Jonah," and the rest of the members of the Pioneering Band, whether in Britain or Canada or in other lands.

We need not be concerned for their future, for we leave them in the safest of keeping, not at the end, but at the real beginning of their careers, with wide, wide avenues of usefulness opening up before them.

THE END

BORN OF THE SPIRIT

He that is born of the Spirit must be fed by the Spirit. He can only, therefore, be nurtured on heavenly food. The Bible affirms it again and again. No human considerations, devices, ceremonials, nor services whatever will sustain him. The Spirit at Pentecost made an army of saints. So full were they of love to God and men, so strongly were they possessed with the passion for saving others, that they rushed everywhere, preaching Christ. They were reckless of danger. Instead of fearing it, they fell in love with it.

There is no change to-day. The surrender of the soul to a simple, desperate, definite faith in God in the same spirit and in the same measure, will have similar results. Riches, pleasures, and the vain things of the earth become as toys when compared with the everlasting joys that are to be won in this great war.

It will be easily seen that with this spirit there will come great sustaining power to the soul. Nothing is more strikingly shown in reading the stories of the saints whether those recorded in the Bible or elsewhere—than their vivid realization of spiritual things. They had this certainty of which we have spoken. They saw with the eye of the soul. To Stephen, with Heaven opened before his eyes, it was comparatively easy to die; while Moses, strengthened by the sight of Him who was invisible, could sacrifice the throne and crown of the Pharaohs as mere trifles in comparison with the honor of becoming the deliverer of God's people.

Paul, looking at the losses and crosses he suffered, argues, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." But he is only enabled to argue thus so long as his inward eyes are open to the heavenly vision. As he says, he must keep looking, "not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," which are eternal.

A Samaritan Brigade has been formed in Rangoon. The Sewing Section deals with old clothes given for distribution, and in other ways prepares clothes for the needy. The Hospital Section visits the sick and conducts regular meetings in the hospital. Staff-Captain Mah Yone (Mrs. Francis) is the President of the Brigade.



The Realm of Home



A MOTHER'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

RECIPES

To Preserve Eggs

Take one pound fresh, unslaked lime, one pound "packing" salt, three gallons water. Put mixture into jar, stir often. After fifteen days it is ready for use. Draw off the lime-water carefully. Place absolutely fresh eggs into jar or crock and pour over them the above liquid, which must always cover the eggs. The eggs will keep for months this way.

To Keep Lemons Fresh

Clean the skins perfectly with dry cloth, then coat them with white of egg. Allow them to dry. Rub off the coating when required for use. You will find them as fresh as when you preserved them. They will keep for months if coating is well applied.

This is the will of a mother:

I leave to my children a heritage more precious than possessions. I leave to them a part of myself.

Believing that true motherhood gives more than birth and physical care, and knowing that at any moment the slender thread of life may snap, I hereby leave to my children these bequests, to be held legal and sacred after my death:

I give to my children, first, a rock-bottom faith in the genuine worth of people. I pass on to them my knowledge that high-minded, decent men and women far outnumber the petty and false.

I bequeath to my children tolerance. Let them not hate any individual, but let them fight social wrong.

I bequeath to my children a shelf of biography, personal memories of great men and women.

For my baby, I charge that a cheerful nurse be sought, a buoyant spirit with the gift of song.

For my children's home, I ask only that it be a home with a garden.

For my children's school, it matters little, whether large or small, public or private. But I gravely charge their guardians that my children be taught:

To think straight.

To concentrate upon whatever task they face, and to complete it.

To use their fingers as alertly as their brains.

To find an outlet for imagination, be it in music, literature or any art. Thus I leave to them the key to the door of beauty.

To each of you, dear children, who read your mother's will and testament: I write

Dearest One:

Do not spurn this, your mother's legacy, as mere words.

My words are of greater worth than gold or silver. For they hold my love to cherish and guard you down the years.

Love is the treasure word of life. I beg of you never let it tarnish, never let it turn into dull self-devotion, never let it fasten upon possessions, husband, wife, children. Rather let love glow and widen until it embraces humanity.

In thus making my will, I am leaving more than a fortune to my own. I am bequeathing to the next generation the best of all gifts—fine men and women.

The egoist, the self-seeker among you, my children, I disinherit. But to you who accept this heritage, I know that I have not given life fruitlessly.

I am proud to sign myself,

Eternally,

Your Mother.

Christianity's best argument is a simple Christian life lived courageously.

IF EACH WOULD SWEEP HIS DOORSTEP, HOW CLEAN THE WORLD WOULD BE!

RICHES

"The love of money is the root of all evil"

The greater our wealth, the greater our dangers.—Aristotle.

When a poor man is suddenly enriched he becomes luxurious.—St. Anthony.

It is the mind of man that makes him rich, and not his purse.—Sibbes. Riches are acquired with difficulty, enjoyed with trembling, and lost with bitterness.—St. Bernard.

He who is not inflamed by wealth, nor rendered angry or covetous by misfortune, knows how to accept both riches and poverty.—St. Gregory.

MY NEIGHBORS

Who are they of the Golden Rule, Scorning the niggard "Me first" school, Holding out hands with good-will full?

My neighbors!

Who are swift to ease the load Of him who faints beside the road, And ask not what his creed or code? My neighbors!

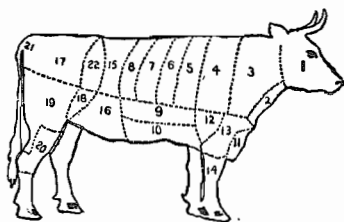
Who, when misfortune grim and grey Shadows the kindly light of day, Come with their torch to cheer the way? My neighbors!

Who are the very salt of earth, Whose hearts than gold far more are worth, Whose kindly deeds speak noble birth? My neighbors!

Just neighbors! Then on him be shame Who idly slurs and casts ill-fame On those who bear the honored name

Of neighbors!
—John Landels Love.

CUTS OF BEEF, THEIR USE AND QUALITY



No.	Cut	Used for	Quality
1	Head		Tough
2	Sticking-Place	Soups and Stews	Tough
3	Neck	Soups, Stews, Beef Tea	Tough
4	2nd and 3rd Chuck	Pot Roast, Braising	Tough
5	1st Chuck	Roasts	Tender
6	1st cut, Standing Ribs	Roasts	Tender
7	Middle cut, Standing ribs	Roasts	Tender
8	Back-Ribs	Roasts	Tender
9	Plate	Soups and Stews	Tough
10	Brisket	Stews, Pot Roasts and Soups	Tough
11	Butt-end of Brisket	Soups and Stews	Tough
12	Bolot (no bones)	Cheaper Roasts and Pot Roasts	Tough
13	Bony-end of Shoulder	Soups	Tough
14	Shin	Soups	Tough
15	Tenderloin and Sirloin	Roasts and Steaks	Tough
16	Flank and Skirt	Rollad Steaks, Braising	Tender
17	Rump	Roasts and Steaks	Tender
18	Velvy-Piece	Stews and Soups	Tough
19	Top-Round	Stews, Beef Tea, Cheaper Steaks Lower Part for Pot Roasts	Tough
20	Leg	Soups and Stews	Tough
21	Tail	Soups	Tough
22	Pinbone	Roasts	Tender

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THE TRADE SECRETARY

20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

We are looking for you

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.
One dollar shown, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.
Address, Colonel W. Morehen, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

GORMAN, William—Age 52; height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair hair (turning grey); blue eyes; fair complexion; steel-worker or gardener; native of Cambuslang, Scotland.
NESTER—Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Nester are anxious to help them. Any-one knowing their address, please communicate immediately as above. 16554
COOK, Joseph—Married; age 39 years; height 5 ft. 6 in.; mandy complexion; light brown, curly hair; blue eyes; left hand in state of depression, was wearing bluish grey suit, light fawn cap and brown boots. Missing since June 30th. Last address 1667 Ville Marie Avenue, Montreal. Wife broken-hearted. Please communicate as above. 16557
OSBORNE, James—Age 47 years; native of London, England. Height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; printer by trade. Father and two brothers have died. Family anxious to get in touch with him.
MILLAR, James—Age 35 years; height 5 ft. 6 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; dark laborer; English; last address Lewis Street, Toronto. Mother very anxious. 16559

JACK, James—About 36 years of age; tall and dark; eyebrows heavy; meet on bridge of nose; well wounded in Canada for War; served with 87th Battalion G.G. Canadians, in France. Aunt in Africa has good news for this man or his wife and two children.
OXENAR, Jacobus (James)—Mother anxious to get in touch with her son who was employed by C.P.R. Car Department, Redditt, MacFarlane Lake. 16560

SHORE, John—Age 62 years; height 6 ft. 1 in.; laborer in iron foundry in England, but took up farming in Canada; native of Manchester, England; went to Canada forty years ago. Also brothers George and Jacob and sister Rachael. Was known around Palmyria and Sutherland Bay.
ROBAR, Lander Montford—Age 22 years; height 5 ft. 9 in.; brown hair and eyes; fair complexion; born in Nova Scotia; missing four years; mother making herself ill for news of him. 16577

JAMESON, Wilfred John—Age 25 years; married; dark hair; light blue eyes; right arm broken and wrist bound with steel skin; teeth missing; nose missing; left wife and one child; boy January 21st, 1927. News is urgently needed. 16593
JORGENSEN, Theodor Julius—About 48 years of age; medium height; fair complexion; blue eyes; on time completed a water pump; laborer; established in Toronto. Sister most anxious for news. 16547

FREEMAN, Charles—About 36 years of age; height 5 ft. 5 in.; medium height; dark hair; dark grey eyes; Hebrew; farmer or lumberman; came from Liverpool, England, when 14 years old; lived in Saint John, N.B., and then went West. Brother most anxious for information. 16578
BEAL, Samuel—Age 29 years; height 5 ft. 9 in.; black hair; dark blue eyes; swarthy complexion; iron-moulder by trade. Information urgently required. 16571

Please communicate with Lieut.-Colonel Desbriay, Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, regarding the undermentioned persons.

LAURY, Mrs. Eva—At one time lived at Cornwall Street, Toronto, and also at 157 Glenview Street, Toronto. Youngest sister missing.
THOMPSON, Mrs. Florence May—Age about 25 years; height 5 ft. 4 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Native of Wolverhampton, England.

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army intending to go to Europe, with a view to their advantage to book passage. The Salvation Army Immigration Department. Address your communications to THE RESIDENT SECRETARY, 125 University St., Montreal, or to THE SECRETARY, at 10 Albert Street, Toronto 2, or 26 Ontario St., Toronto, or 97 Brevin St., Montreal, N.D. 114 Beckwith Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 800 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.

THE WEEK'S BEST NEWS IN CIRCULATION CIRCLES

Thinking Big at "Soo II"

"Please increase our War Cry order by One Hundred copies"

—Luxton.

THIS INSTRUCTION HAS BEEN OBEYED!!

OUR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

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HALIFAX	850	ST. THOMAS	325
RIVERDALE	600	HALIFAX III	315
OTTAWA	555	TORONTO	300
WALKERVILLE	625	SHERBROOKE	315
HAMILTON I	625	LIPPINCOTT	300
MONCTON	600	SARITA	300
TIMMINS	600	BRANTFORD	400
YORKVILLE	415	SAINT JOHN I	200
KINGSTON	400		

DARE-ALLS

PORT COLBORNE	290	GALT	225
HALIFAX	285	GLACE BAY	225
TRURO	225	ST. STEPHEN	225
MONCTON IV	275	ST. GEORGES (Bermuda)	225
TORONTO	275	TORONTO TEMPLE	225
FREDERICTON	285	WOODSTOCK (ONT.)	210
NIAGARA FALLS	285	OTTAWA III	210
OTTAWA I	285	MONTRÉAL	200
HAMILTON (Bermuda)	285	WEST TORONTO	200
DOVERPORT	250	SAULT STE. MARIE I	200
KITCHENER	250	CHARLOTTE TOWN, P.E.I.	200
LONDON I	250	DANFORTH	200
HAMILTON II	250	CHARLOTTE TOWN, P.E.I.	200
PICTON	250	YARMOUTH	200
ORILLIA	250	STRATFORD	200
PETERBORO	250	CHARLOTTE TOWN (ONT.)	200
MONTRÉAL II	235	WINDSOR III	200
ST. CATHARINES	235	SAINT JOHN II	200
EARLSBURGH	225	BRANTFORD	200
SAINT JOHN III	225	WELLAND	200
NEW GLASGOW	225	BORTH BAY	200

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DARTMOUTH	185	EAST TORONTO	155
LISGAR STREET	180	BOWENSBURY	155
BELLEVEILLE	180	COBOLUE	155
OWEN SOUND	180	BROCKVILLE	150
CAMPBELLTON	175	OTTAWA II	150
TORONTO	175	WALLACEBURG	150
WHITNEY PIER	170	GRAND FALLS (Nfld.)	150
GUELPH	170	WOODSTOCK, N.B.	150
PARLIAMENT STREET	165	SPRINGHILL MINES	150
NEW WATERFORD	165	WELLAND	150
CORNWALL	155	NEWCASTLE	150

ST. CATHARINES
Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant

We had Ensign and Mrs. McDougall with us for Sunday, July 23rd, our comrades singing and exhortation being instrumental in conveying much spiritual help. The night service was in the nature of a Memorial for those comrades who have crossed the River during the past week. Two seekers responded to the invitation in the Prayer meeting.

CODALT
Captain Henshaw, Lieutenant Clithero
Two seekers crowned our efforts on Sunday. The Home League is making progress under Sister Mrs. Deleite. The young People's picnic was held at New Liskeard Beach where we united with the Young People's Corps, Halleybury and New Liskeard, thus making an interesting and enjoyable outing for the children. We have complied with the request of comrades who are unable to attend our inside meetings, and have held meetings in their homes, and have conveyed much spiritual help.

GALT
Adjutant and Mrs. Graves
The week-end of July 2nd and 3rd was one of much blessing. A number of visiting comrades were with us, and their testimonies were a source of inspiration. The Holiness meeting was led by Captain Sister Mrs. Deleite. Detroit One soul knelt at the Cross. Captain and Mrs. Henshaw, of Otton, N.Y., conducted the Salvation meeting at night. After the meeting we united with the other churches for a praise in the Park. The Band providing the music.

RIVERDALE
Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon

The week-end services were conducted by the Band and a splendid season was experienced. On Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Staff-Captain Spooner conducted the wedding ceremony of Bandman W. Pick and Guard Captain Ethel Harrison. The Band and Sougeters took part in the service. Mrs. Higdon and the Bandmaster spoke and wished the young couple joy and blessing.

The Holiness meeting was led by Bandman McDougall, the Bandmaster taking the evening service. The service was led by Treasurer Knight, Bandman B. Gould being responsible for the lesson at this meeting. During the week-end different Bandmen led the Open-air, and we finished at 9:30 p.m. with members of the Theban of Grace. The people rally to these services gladly, and join in the singing of the old hymns. Fully 1,000 people were within the arched tent Sunday.

The Home League picnic was held at New Gardens on July 23rd, with about eighty present.

VERDUN
Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins
Believing in sorrow is the experience of Verdun comrades. Death has recently robbed us of two young Juniors, in the Bandman James Gilly, who has been called on Higher. Sister Mrs. Clithero, a bride of six weeks, is being remembered at the Throne of Grace. In the Sunday night Memorial service, on July 23rd, a very impressive talk given by Mrs. Ensign Rawlins. Four seekers were registered.

COMING EVENTS

Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell

Temple—Sun., Aug. 21st, 7 p.m. (Farewell of Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor).

Earls Court—Sat-Sun., Sept. 3-4.
Hamilton—Sat-Sun., Sept. 10-11.
Dovercourt—Tues., Sept. 20.
Brantford—Sat-Sun., Oct. 1-2.

COLONEL HARGRAVE: Midland, Wed., Aug. 17—Farewell of Captain Kenneth MacGillivray and Captain Elda Lamb.
COLONEL TAYLOR: Sault Ste. Marie, Sun., Aug. 28; Sudbury, Mon., Aug. 29.
MAJOR LEWIS: Lippincott, Sun., Sept. 11.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MEAMOND: Hamilton V., Sun., Aug. 14; Hespeler, Sat-Sun., Aug. 20-21; Barrie, Sat-Sun., Aug. 27-28; Orillia, Mon., Aug. 29.
MAJOR CAMERON: Parry Sound, Sat-Sun., Aug. 13-14; Sudbury, Mon., Aug. 15; Timmins, Sat-Sun., Aug. 20-21; Cochrane, Mon., Aug. 22; Kirkland Lake, Tues., Aug. 23; North Bay, Sat., Aug. 27.

MAJOR AND MRS. KENDALL: St. Mary's, Aug. 12 to 15; Thoford, Aug. 16 to 19; Norwich, Aug. 20 to 25.

MAJOR WALTON: Belleville, Sat-Sun., Aug. 20-21.

BRIGADIER KNIGHT: St. John IV., Sun., Aug. 14.

MAJOR OWEN: New Aberdeen, Sun., Aug. 14; Whitney Pier, Sat-Sun., Aug. 20-21; Sydney Mines, Fri-Sat., Aug. 26-27.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHARDS: Halifax I., Fri., Aug. 12; Trenton, Sat-Sun., Aug. 13; New Glasgow, Sat-Sun., Aug. 14; Pictou, Mon., Aug. 15; Oxford, Thurs., Aug. 18; Springhill, Fri., Aug. 19; Parhboro, Sat-Sun., Aug. 20-21; Halifax II., Fri., Aug. 26; Windsor, Sat-Sun., Aug. 27-28.

STAFF-CAPTAIN URSKI: St. John III., Sat-Sun., Aug. 13-14; St. Stephen, Sat-Sun., Aug. 20-21; Amherst, Sat-Sun., Aug. 27-28; Lunenburg, Sat-Sun., Aug. 29.

COMMANDANT ASH: Guelph, Sat-Sun., Aug. 13-14; Brantford, Sat-Sun., Aug. 20-21; Orillia, Sat-Sun., Mon., Aug. 27-28-29.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW : THEM" : :

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... for the use of my property, known as No..... In the County of..... and Province of..... to be disposed of and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory." OR,

"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him to be used and applied by the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in the County of..... and Province of..... of the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being, as he may see fit, to be used and applied by him to be used and applied by the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in the said Territory." OR,

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used for certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information apply to

LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL,
25 Albion Street,
Toronto 2.

"A Scrap of paper"

AROUND this phrase has gathered a whirlpool of broken promises and bitter feelings which we would do well to forget. But it is possible for the same phrase to conjure up pictures which are not only pleasant, but decidedly helpful and well worth remembering.

Only a "scrap of paper." There it lies on the kitchen table where it was thoughtlessly thrown when the groceries were unwrapped.

Presently it is gathered up and becomes part of an armful of similar scraps, and is stuffed into a sack in the basement. The Salvation Army's Industrial Department left the sack for that purpose, and soon their truck comes to the door, and a workman earns part of an honest wage by carrying our scrap of paper and its kindred scraps to join a pile of sacks on the truck.

The truck gradually fills up as a result of many similar calls, and soon arrives at the paper-sorting warehouse, where other men find employment in unloading the sacks, and while the truck goes to hunt another load these sacks are carried to the sorting tables, where a line of men are kept busy separating the mass of scraps into their respective grades, and throwing them into bins, whence they are carried to the presses. Soon our friendly little scrap of wrapping paper is in the middle of a huge bale, and on its way to undergo a process which will put it on the market once more as a first-class product.

Meanwhile the gathering, sorting and baling have helped to provide employment for a number of men, and brought the comforts of life to several families.

Thus simply as an economic factor in the life of the com-

munity this branch of our work has great value; by the salvaging of what would otherwise be wasted, by providing a means of livelihood for men and women, of whom, some, at least, would otherwise be dependent on charity, it more than justifies its existence, and the wisdom of those responsible for its inception. But the spiritual phase of our Industrial activities is what appeals to us most strongly, and many wonderful stories could be written of men rescued from the deep waters of sin, and helped to the sure Rock of Salvation by this life line of scrap paper. Here is a sample of such stories. A poor chap, who was starting the climb to good citizenship at one of the sorting tables, was seen to pause and look carefully at a scrap of paper for a moment, then to fold it carefully and put it in his pocket before going on with his work. That night, in the meeting held for the men at this Institution, this man sat and listened to the old story of the Cross and was gripped by its meaning. Fumbling in his pocket he took out the scrap of paper, looked at it, and beckoned to an Officer who stood near. "Is this true?" was his question as he held out the soiled and crumpled fragment. It was part of an Easter WAR CRY, and on it were the wondrous words:

"He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood."

There was only one answer possible to such a question, and the dear fellow that night met with His Lord and found eternal life.

Because they enable us to help men like this, for this life and the life to come, we want more and more "scraps of paper."

In almost every home there are some of these scraps of paper going to waste, and in every city there are men in need of a helping hand. Our great desire is that our Industrial Department shall become the medium by which the waste paper shall help to prevent the men becoming waste humanity.

